

A Ballerina In Berk

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Summary: What happens if you mix male ballerinas, a mustache, and magic. Crack!Fic. No pairings. Sadly, no OC's. Co-written with Toothlessisepic.

A Ballerina In Berk

****AN-** This story is made with me and an awesome, amazing, talented, artistic, and frightening sister whose account name is Toothlessisepic. You should check out my - I mean her, stories.**

I thought it would just be a regular day on Berk.

"I am sooooooooo" I decided to cut it off there and make it dramatic for when I got back to Toothless.

I walked away from the Kill Ring, laughing occasionally like a maniac at the thought of me continuing that sentence.

Oh my gosh, I may have lost my mind.

As I walked into the cove, I swear I saw something pink flash by through the trees. I was very confused, but then I thought it may have been either a really fat terrible terror or a huge bird.

I just shrugged and continued on my journey, still cackling like a mad man. I just hope no one heard me.

As I got near the cove where Toothless was at, I got impatient and finally continued my sentence.

"Leaving. We're leaving, bud. Come on, pack up." I said, looking down at my feet to hide my huge clown-like smile.

"Leaving where?" Said a familiar voice.

I looked up to see something very pink blocking my eyesight, sitting

on a tree branch above me. What scared me the most was the hairy legs. Man, since pink is a girl color, that girl is starting to scare me.

The person in question jumped down. The only problem isâ€¦

It wasn't a girl, or woman.

It wasn't even someone who I didn't know and therefor would not be scarred for life from.

No, it was not Gobberâ€¦

The person standing in front of me, in a very bright pink tutuâ€¦

Was the last person I would expect, who was supposed to be doing his chiefly duties.

Also known as, my fatherâ€¦

"Umm, dad? What are you wearing?" I said to the brightly dressed man.

"Just watch son," My father said as he put a hand on Toothless' snout, "Iâ€¦ I have magic"

He pulled his hand away from Toothless' snout, only to reveal a mustache on the dragon.

And I thought this day couldn't get any weirderâ€¦

"But seriously dad, what in Thor's name are you wearing?" I said.

"I found this on Trader Johann's boat a couple of months ago. He said it would give me the grace and beauty of a dancer. He also said I would look amazing in it. It just so happened to turn out that he had gotten it from a type of dancer, a ballerina he called it." My father said.

"So then, why are you wearing it in the middle of the forest, and why are you suddenly okay with Toothless?" I said, just now remembering the dragon next to me with a mustache.

"_Because_, son, I am trying to learn how to dance. And also I feel amazing, so amazing that I feel like I can forgive the dragons and show my power. The mustache power only works on dragons, you know." The male ballerina said.

"But how can you just suddenly learn how to dance?" I said.

In response to my question, he got up and did a pirouette.

Somehow, it was the most beautiful dance I have ever seen my father do.

Toothless put his snout up to my hand, making me feel his mustache. He lookedâ€¦

Amazing.

And that was the weirdest day of my life.

EPILOUGE!?!-

After the ballerina-mustache incident, the dragons were accepted. We took down the Red Death as father and son. We both lost something.

I lost my leg, while he had lostâ€¦

His beard, mustache, and tutu that he was wearing at the time.

Now that was a pretty sight.

Hahaâ€¦ Soooo funnyâ€¦

So yeah, I'm scarred for life.

But really? Nothing has changedâ€¦

**AN- I have no idea where this came from. No plot, nothing. Just a regular crack!fic. **

End
file.